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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Damon and Pithias

Damon and Pithias

Date of Original (presumably there was an earlier edition), 1571

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Richard Edwards.

Damon and Pithias

1571

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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Damon and Pithias

By RICHARD EDWARDS

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum, the press-mark being C. 34, c. 30. *From the title-page of this copy, which is dated* 1571, *it would appear that it is not the first edition; if so, no copies of an earlier impression are known to be extant. A reprint appeared in* 1582, *and since then the play has been frequently re-issued in modern times.*

It is uncertain when "Damon and Pithias" was first produced; some authorities are inclined to regard it as identical with the tragedy by Edwards which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Richmond by the children of the chapel in 1564-5, *and of course it must have been written before* 1566, *when Edwards died: it appears to have been licensed to the printer in* 1568.

Richard Edwards, who wrote this and other plays not now extant, was born in Somersetshire about the year 1523, *and died, as already stated, in* 1566. *"The Dictionary of National Biography" narrates all that is known of him.*

Besides "Damon and Pithias" and "Palamon and Arcyte" (in two parts), Edwards was also the compiler of a very popular anthology—"The Paradise of Dainty Devices."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, has compared this facsimile with the

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original copy, and reports the workmanship (with one exception) as "excellent." Special points of information and criticism are as follows :—

(1) *Title-page, the darkening at the bottom right-hand corner very much exaggerates one or two slight stains in original.*

(2) *B. ii.* verso, *line* 6, *the script is in red ink in the original.*

(3) *B. iv.* verso, *line* 14, *the mark to the left of the catch-name* "ARISTIPPVS" *does not appear in the original.*

(4) ℭ. ij. verso, *line* 7, *the correcting stroke reversing the order of* "furca" *and* "expellas" *is in red ink. The stroke over the last* "a" *in* "Natura" *has also been inkea over in red.*

(5) ℭ. iij. recto, *line* 1, "An . . . manus" *is underlined in pencil, and* "omitted" *is pencilled against the line in the right-hand margin.*

(6) ℭ. iij. recto, *lines* 9 *and* 10, *the corrections between these two lines are in red ink.*

(7) ℭ. iij. recto, *the script in the bottom right-hand corner is in red ink.*

(8) ℭ. iij. verso, *lines* 5 *and* 6, *the bracket is in red ink.*

(9) *E. iv.* recto, *at the foot of this page is lightly pencilled* "Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res Hor".

(10) *F. iv.* verso, *line* 16, *the blot at commencement of line is not in the original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

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The excellent Comedie of two the moste faithfullest *Freendes, Damon and Pithias.*

Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed before the Quenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Graces Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat altered for the proper vse of them that hereafter shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in Priuate, or open Audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then beynge Maister of the Children.

1571.

Imprinted at London in Fletelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be solde at his shop, ioyning to the Southwest doore of Paules Churche.

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THE PROLOGVE.

O euerie syde, wheras I glaunce my rouyng eye,
Silence in all cares bent I playnly do espie:
But if your egre lookes doo longe suche toyes to see,
As heretofore in comunycall wise, were wont aboode to bee:
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought,
Is frustrate quite of toying Playes. A soden change is wrought.
For lo, our Authors Muse, thus mased in delight,
Hath forst his Penne agaynst his kinde, no more suche sporters to write.
Muse he that lust, (right worshipfull) for chaunce hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too muche, in yonge desires to range:
In whiche, right glad to please, [illegible] he doth seruie.
Of all he humbly pardon craues: his Pen that shall amende:
And yet (worwipfull Audience,) thus much I dare aduouche.
In Commedies, the greatest Skyll is this, rightly to touche
All thynges to the quicke: and che to frame ethe person so,
That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly knowe:
A Royster ought not preache, that were to straunge a heare,
But as from vertue he doth swerue, so ought his wordes appeare:
The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the Lover triumphyng in toyes,
The Matron graue, the Harlot wilde and full of wanton toyes.
Whiche all in one course they no wise doo agree:
Doo correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to bee.
Which speeches well pronounce, with action lusty-framed.
If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath out Author taught at schole, from whom he doth not swerue,
In all suche kinde of exercise decorum to obserue,
Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as Poetes earst haue donne,
Which heretofore in Commodies the selfe same rule do vsedne:
But now for to be briefe, the matter to expresse,
Which here wee shall present: is this Damon and Pithias,
A rare ensample of Freendship true, it is no Legend lie,
But a thinge once donne in deede as Hystories doo discrie,
Whiche doone of yore in longe time past, yet present shalbe here,
Euen as it were in deedyng now, so lively it shall appeare:
Lo here in Siracusa thauncient Towne, which once the Romaines wonne,
Here Dionisius Pallace, within whose Courte this thing most strange was donne,
Which matter mixt with myth and care, a iust name to applie,
As seemes most fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie,
Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo protest this flat,
Wee talke of Dionisius Courte, wee meane no Court but that,
And that wee doo so meane, who wisely calleth to minde,

The Prologue.

The time, the place, the Authours here meet plainely shall it shew,
Loe this I speake for our defence, lest of others we should be sparse
But worthy Audience, we you pray, take things as they be meant,
Whose wright Judgement we doo crave, with heedfull eare and Eye,
To here the cause, and see the effect of this new Tragicall Comoedie.

EXIT.

The Speakers names.

Aristippus, a pleasant Gentlman.
Carisophus, a Parasite.
Damon, } two gentlemen of Greece.
Pithias, }
Stephano, seruant to Damon and Pithias.
VVill, Aristippus lackey.
Iacke, Carisophus lackey.
Snap, the Porter.
Dionisius, the Kynge.
Eubulus, the Kynges counsellour.
Gronno, the Hangman.
Grimme, the Coiyer.

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Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

TOO strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,
That I Aristippus, a Courtier am become:
A Philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the Courtly behaviour my lyfe I frame,
Muse he that lyst, to you of good skill,
I say that I am a Philosopher styll:
Louers of Wisdom, are termed Philosophie,
Then who is a Philosopher so rightly as I?
For in louyng of wisdom, proofe doth this trie,
That Frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi:
I am wyse for my selfe, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great Wisdom as the world goth?
Some Philosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,
And feedes on vyle Rootes, whom Boyes laugh to scorne:
But I in fine Silkes haunt Dionysius Pallace,
Wherin with dayntie fare my selfe I do solace:
I can talke of Philosophie as well as the best,
But the strayte kynde of lyfe I leaue to the rest:
And I professe now the Courtly Philosophie,
To crouche, to speake fayre, my selfe I applie,
To feede the Kinges humour with pleasant deuises,
For whiche I am called Regius Canis:
But wot ye who named me first the Kinges Dogge?
It was the Roage Diogenes that vile grunting Hogge:
Let him rolle in his Tubbe to winne a vayne prayse,
In the Courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes:
Wherin what to do, I am not to learne,
What wyll serue myne owne turne I can quickly discearne:
All my tyme at Schole I haue not spent vayuly,
I can helpe one, is not that a good point of Philosophy?

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

I beshrew your fine eares, since you came from Schole,
In the Court you haue made many a wiseman a fole:
And though you paint out your fayned Philosophie,
So God helpe me, it is but a playne kinde of flattery:
Whiche you vse so finely in so pleasant a sorte,
That none but Aristippus, now makes the Kinge sporte,
Ere you came hyther, poore I was sombody,
The Kinge delighted in me, now I am but a noddy.

ARISTIPPVS.

In faith Carisophus, you know your selfe best,

But I will not call you noddie, but only in iest,
And thus I assure you, though I came from schole,
To serue in this Court, I came not yet to be the Kinges fole,
Or to fill his eares with seruile squirilitie,
That office is yours, you know it right perfectlie,
Of Parasites and Sycophants you are a graue bencher,
The Kinge fedes you often from his owne trencher,
I enuye not your state, nor yet your great fauour,
Then grudge not at all, if in my behauiour:
I make the Kinge mery, with pleasant vrbanitie,
Whom I neuer abused to any mans iniurie.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ Be cocke sir, yet in the Courte you do best thriue,
For you get more in on day then I do in fiue.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Why man in the Courte, do you not see,
Rewardes geuen for vertue, to euery degree?
To re warde the vnworthy that worlde is done,
The Courte is changed, a good thread hath bin sponne
Of Dogges woll heretofore, and why? be cause it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:
But now mens eares are finer, such grosse toyes are not set by,
Therfore to a trimmer kynde of myth my selfe I applye,
Wherin though I please, it commeth not of my desert,
But of the Kinges fauour.

CARISOPHVS.

¶ It may so be, yet in your prosperitie,
Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he,
Which hath longe time fed Dionisius humor:
Diligently to please, still at hand, there was neuer rumor,
Spread in this towne of any smale thinge, but I
Brought it to the Kinge in post by and by,
Yet now I craue your friendship, which if I may attayne,
Most sure and vnfained frindship I promyse you againe:
So we two linckt in frindshippe brother and brother,
Full well in the Courte may helpe one another.

ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Sir Lady Carisophus, though you know not Philosophie,
Yet surely you are a better Courtier then I,
And yet I not so euyll a courtier that wyll seme to dispise,
Such an old courtier as you so expert and so wyse,
But where as you craue myne I offer your friendship so willingly,
With hart I geue you thankes for this your great curteisie:

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Allurynge of friendship both with toth and nayle,
Whiles life lasteth neuer to fayle.

CARISOPHVS.

A thousand thankes I geue you, oh friend Aristippus

ARISTIPPVS.

Oh friend Carisophus.

CARISOPHVS.

How ioyfull am I sith I haue to friend Aristippus now?

ARISTIPPVS.

None so glad of Carisophus friendship as I, I make God a vowe,
I speake as I thinke, beleue me.

CARISOPHVS.

Sith we are now so friendly ioyned, it seemeth to me,
That one of vs helpe eche other in euery degree,
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the King e let me alone in your absence.

ARISTIPPVS.

Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish,
But I pray you tell me, thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place wyll you take your iournay?

CARISOPHVS

I wyll not dissemble, that were against Friendship,
I go into the Citie some knaues to nip:
For talke with their godes, to encrease the kynges Treasure,
In such kinde of seruice, I set my chefe pleasure,
Farewell friend Aristippus now for a time, EXIT.

ARISTIPPVS.

A dewe friend Carisophus: In god faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow,
Is Aristippus linckt in Friendship with Carisophus?
Quid cum tanto Asino, talis Philosophus?
They say, Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.
Then, how can this Friendship betwene vs two come to passe?
We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his Bowlt,
I brought vp in learnyng, but he is a very bolt
As touching good Letters: but otherwise suche a craftie knaue,
If you seke a whole Region, his lyke you can not haue:
A Villaine for his life, a Harlet died in Graine,
You lose Money by him if you sel him for one knaue, for he serues for (twaine:
A flatteryng Parasite, a Sicophant also,
A commen accuser of men: to the god, an open Foe,
Of halfe a worde, he can make a Legend of lies,

Which he wyll auouch with such tragicall eyes,
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.
Where in deede to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale but twyse he must lie,
He spareth no mans life to get the kinges fauour,
In which kind of seruis he hath got such a fauour, this line left out by D
That he wyll neuer leaue, methinke then that I,
Haue done very wisely to ioyne in friendship with him, lest perhaps I
Comming in his way might be nipt, for such knaues in presence,
We see oft times put honest men to silence:
Yet I haue played with his beard in knitting this knot,
I promist frendship, but you loue few words: I spake it, but I meant it (not.
Who markes this frendship betwene vs two,
Shal iudge of the worldly friendship without any more a do,
It may be a ryght Patron therof, but true friendship in deede,
Of nought but of vertue, doth truly procede,
But why do I now enter into Philosophie,
Which do professe the fine kind of curtesie:
I wyll hence to the Courte with all haste I may,
I thinke the King be stirring, it is now bright day,
To waite at a pinche still in sight I meane,
For wot ye what? a new Broome swepes cleane,
As to hie honour I mynde not to clime,
So I meane in the courte to lose no time:
Wherein happy man be his dole, I trust that I,
Shall not spede worse, and that very quickly EXIT.

Here entreth DAMON and PITHIAS like Mariners.

O NEPTVNE, immortall be thy prayse,
For that so safe from Greece we haue past the seas,
To this noble citie SIRACVSAE, where we
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see,
Whose force, Greece also here tofore hath knowne,
Whose vertue, the shrill trump of fame so farre hath blowne.

PITHIAS.

By Damon, of right high prayse we ought to geue,
To Neptune and all the Gods, that we safely dyd arryue,
The Seas I thinke with contrary winds, neuer raged so,
I am euen yet so Seasicke, that I faynt as I go:
Therfore let vs get some lodgyng quickely:
But where is Stephano?

Here

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Here entreth STEPHANO.

Not farre hence: a Pockes take these Paryner knaues,
Not one would healpe mée to carry this stuffe, such drunken slaues
I thinke be accursed of the Goddes owne mouthes.

DAMON.

Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter SIRACVSAE
We wil prouide lodgyng, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by & by

STEPHANO.

God mayster make haste, for I tell you playne,
This heauy burden puts poor Stephano to much payne.

PITHIAS.

Come on thy ways, thou shalt be eased, and that anon. EXIT.

* Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

It is a true saying that oft hath bin spoken,
The pitcher goeth so longe to the water, that he commeth home broken
My owne prouse this hath taught me, for truly sith I,
In the Citie haue vsed to walke very slyly,
Not with one can I méete, that wil in talke ioyne with mé,
And to créepe into mens bosomes. some talke for to snatche,
By which into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche
And so accuse them: Now not with one can I méete,
That wyll ioyne in talke wi mé, I am shund lyke a Deuill in ye stréte,
My credite is crackte where I am knowne, but yet I heare say,
Certayne straingers are arriued, they were a good pray,
If happely I might méete with them, I feare not I,
But in talke I should trippe them, and that very finely,
Which thinge, I assure you, I do for myne owne gayns,
Orels I woulde not plodde thus vp and downe, I tell you playne:
Well, I wyll for a whyle to the Court to see
What Aristippus doth, I would be loth in fauer he should ouerrun mé:
He is a subtile chyld, he flattreth so finely, that I feare mé,
He wyll licke all the fatte from my lippes, and so outwery mé:
Therefore I wyll not be longe absent, but at hand,
That al his fine drifftes I may vnderstande. EXIT.

* Here entreth VVYLL and IACKE.

I wonder what my Mayster Aristippus meanes now a daies,
That he leaueth Philosophie, and séekes to please
Kyng Dionisius, with such mery toyes,
In Dionisius Court now he only ioyes,
As trim a Courtier as the best,
Ready to aunswer, quicke in tauntes, pleasaunt to iesse,

A lusty companion to deuise with fine Dames,
Whose humour to feede, his wylie witte he frames.

IACKE.

Be cocke as you say, your Maister is a Minion,
A fopis coyle he kepes in this Courte. Aristippus alone
Now rules the roaste with his pleasant deuises,
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my Maister Carisophus.

VVYLL.

Feare not that Iacke, for like brother and brother
They are knit in true Friendship the one with the other,
They are fellowes you knowe, and honest men both,
Therfore the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.

IACKE.

Yea, but I haue heard say, there is falshod in felowshippe,
In the Court somtimes, one geues another finely the slippe:
Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe,
And with sporting and playing, quietly shaken of:
In which kinde of toying, thy master hath such a grace,
That he wyll neuer blush, he hath a wodden face:
But Wyll, my maister hath Bees in his head,
If he finde me heare prattinge, I am but dead:
He is styll trotting in the Citie, there is sumwhat in the winde:
His lokes bewrayes his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therfore I wyll be packing, to the Courte by and by
If he be once angry, Iacke shall cry wo the pye.

VVYLL.

By Lady, if I tary longe here, of the same sauce shall I tast,
For my master sent me on an errand, and bad me make haste,
Therfore we wyll departe together. EXEVNT.

Here entreth STEPHANO.

Ofte times I haue heard, before I came hether,
That no man can serue two maisters together:
A sentence so true, as moste men do take it,
At any time faile, that no man can make it:
And yet by their leaue, that first haue it spoken,
How that may proue false, euen here I wyll open:
For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,
At this time serue two maisters together:
And loue them alyke, the one and the other,
I duely obey, I can do no other,
A bondman I am so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman bought me:

To him

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To him I stand bound, yet serue I another,
Whom Damon my Master loues, as his owne brother:
A Gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with Vertue, whom vice neuer defamed:
These two, since at Schoole they fell acquainted,
In mutuall friendship, at no time haue fainted:
But loued so kindly, and friendly eche other,
As thoughe they were Brothers by Father and Mother:
Pithagoras learnynge, these two haue embraced,
Whiche bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced:
That all their whole doynges do fall to this issue,
To haue no respect, but onely to vertue:
All one in effecte: all one in their goynge,
All one in their study, all one in their doyng:
These Gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion,
Both alike of my seruice haue all the fruition:
Pithias is toyfull, if Damon be pleased:
If Pithias be serued, then Damon is eased:
Serue one, serue both: so neare, who would win them?
I thinke they haue but one hart betwene them:
In trauelyng Countreyes, we thre haue continued,
Full many a yeare: and this day arriued
At SIRACVSAE in Sicillia that auncient Towne,
Where my Makers are lodged: and I up and downe,
Go seekyng to learne what Newes here are walkyng,
To harke of what thynges the people are talkynge.
I lyke not this Myle: for as I go pladdynge,
I marke there two, there thre their heades alwayes noddinge,
In close secret wise, still whisperyng together:
If I aske any question, no man doth answer:
But shakyng their heads, they go their wayes speakynge,
I marke how with teares, their wet eyes are leakynge:
Some strangenesse there is, that breedeth this musinge.
Well: I wyll to my Makers, and tell of their wyng,
That they may learne, and walke wisely together,
I feare, we shall curse the time we came hether. EXIT.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS and VVYLL.

Wyll, dost thou heare the Ladies so talke of me,
What ayleth them? from their nippes shall I neuer be free?

VVYLL.

Godsfaith Sir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainly report,
That without mencion of them, you can make no sport:

They

They are your playne songe to singe Descant vpon,
If they weare not, your mirth were gone,
Therfore master, iett no more with women in any wise,
If you do, by cocke your are lyke to know the price.

ARISTIPPVS.

By lady Wyll, this is good counsell, playnely to iett
Of women, prowe hath taught me it is not best,
I wyll change my coppy, how be it, I care not a quinche,
I know the galde horse will soneest wincye:
But learne thou secretly what priuely they talke
Of me in the Courte, amonge them slyly walke,
And bringe me true newes thereof.

VVYLL.

I wyll syr, matter therof haue no doubt, for I
Wheare they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.

ARISTIPPVS.

Do so my boy: if thou bringe it finely to passe,
For thy good seruice, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Christmas.

Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano. (EXEVNT

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde me.

STEPHANO.

Sir, for lies, hetherto ye neuer controlde me,
Oh that we had neuer set fote on this land,
Where Dionisius raygnes, with so bloody a hande,
Euery day he sheweth some token of cruelitie,
With blood he hath filled all the stréetes in the Citie:
I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring,
I lament, to see his most cruell dealyng:
I thinke there is no suche tyrant vnder the Sunne,
O my deare masters, this morning what hath he done?

DAMON.

What is that? tell vs quickly.

STEPHANO.

As I this morning past in the stréete,
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I méete,
Many people followed, and I of one secretly,
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die?
Wh dispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,
In his sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius,
Which dreame tolde abrode was brought to the kings inposte,
By whome condemned for suspicion, his lyfe he hath lost:
Garcia was his name as the people sayde.

PITHIAS.

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Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

¶ My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano,
For wishyng we had not come hether, seyng it is so:
That for so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.

DAMON.

¶ My Pithias, where Tirantes raigne, suche cases are not new,
Whiche fearyng their owne state for great crueltie,
To sit fast as they thinke, do execute speedely,
All suche as any light suspition haue tainted.

STEPHANO.

¶ With suche quicke Karuers, I lyst not be acquainted.

DAMON.

¶ So are they neuer in quiet, but in suspicion styll,
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kyll:
Euer in feare, hauyng no trustie friende, bayde of all peoples loue,
And in their owne conscience, a continuall Hell they proue.

PITHIAS.

¶ As thynges by their contraryes are alwayes best proued,
How happie are then merciful Princes of their people beloued?
Hauyng sure friendes euerie wheare, no feare doth touch them,
They may safely spende the day pleasantly, at night
(Securè dormiunt in vtranque aurem.
Oh my Damon, if choyce were offred mée, I would chose to be Pithias
As I am, (Damons friende:) rather then to be kyng Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

¶ And god cause why: for you are entierly beloued of one,
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloued of none.

DAMON.

¶ That state is moste miserable, thrise happy are wée,
Whom true loue hath ioyned in perfect Amytie:
Which amytie first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true,
Of likelines of maners, take rote by company, & now is conserued by
Which vertue alwaies through worldly things do not frame (vertue
Yet doth she atchiue to her followers immortall fame:
Whereof if men were carefull, for Vertues sake onely
They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie:
But suche as for profite in friendship do lincke,
When stormes come, they slide away sooner then a man wyll thinke:
My Pithias, the summe of my talke falles to this issue,
To proue no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on vertue.

PITHIAS.

¶ My Damon, of this thyng, there nedes no proofe to mée,

The Gods forbyd, but that Pithias w̃ Damon in al things shuld agree
For why it is said:: Amicus alter ipse,
But that true friendes should be two in body: but one in minde,
As it were one transformed into another, whiche against kynde
Though it seeme: yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pithias, me thinke I am Damon.

STEPHANO.

That could I neuer do, to forget my selfe, full well I know,
Wheresoeuer I go, that I am PAVPER STEPHANO:
But I pray you sir, for all your Phylosophie,
See that in this Courte you walke very wisely:
You are but newly come hether, beyng straungers ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the stretes as ye go:
Many spies are abroad, you can not be to circumspect.

DAMON.

Stephano, because thou art carefull of mee thy maister, I do thee praise,
Yet thinke this for a suertie, no state to displease:
By talke or otherwise, my friende and I entende, we wyll here
As men that rome to see the foyle & maners of al men of euery degree,
Pithagoras said, that this world was like a Stage,
Wheron many play their partes: the lokers on the sage
Phylosophers are saith he, whose parte is to learne
The maners of all Nations, and the good from the bad to discerne.

STEPHANO.

God saith sir, concernynge the people they are not gay,
And as farre as I see, they be Dunniers, for nought they say,
For the mosse parte what soever you aske them.
The foyle is suche, that to line heare I can not lyke.

DAMON.

Thou speakest accordynge to thy learnynge, but I say,
Omnis solum fortis patria: A wise man may lyue euery weare:
Therefore my deare friende Pithias,
Let vs view this Towne in euerie place,
And then consider the Peoples maners also.

PITHIAS.

As you wyll my Damon, but how say you Stephano?
Is it not best ere we go further, to take some repast?

STEPHANO.

In faith, I lyke well this question, sir: for all your haste,
To eate somwhat I pray you, thinke it no folly,
It is his dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON.

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Then let vs to our lodging departe, when dinner is done,
We wyll view this Citie as we haue begonne. EXEANT

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyse vp my sayle,
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine auayle:
I hunger while I may see these straungers, that lately
Arriued, I were safe if once I might meete them happily,
Let them barke that lust, at this kinde of gaine,
He is a fole that for his profit will not take payne:
Though it be toyned with other mens hurt, I care not at all,
For profit I wyll accuse any man, hap what shall:
But soft sirs, I pray you hush, what are they that comes here,
By their apparell, and countinaunce some strangers they appeare,
I wyll showde my selfe secretly, euen here for a while,
To heare all their talke that I may them beguyle.

* Here entreth DAMON and STEPHANO.

A shorte horse some curried, my belly wareth thinner,
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner:
Your philosophicall diet, is so fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner & supper at once, & not surfaite at all.

DAMON.

Stephano, much meat breedes heauynes, thinne diet make the light

STEPHANO.

I may be lighter thereby, but I shall neuer runne the faster.

DAMON.

I haue had sufficiently discourse of amitie,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias and his pleasaunt companie
Hath fully satisfied me, it doth me good to feede myne eyes on him.

STEPHANO.

Course or discourse, your course is very course for all your talke,
You had but one bare course, and that was Pike, rise and walke,
And surely for all your talke of Philosophie,
I neuer heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly,
Feede your eyes (quod you) the reason from my wisdom swarueth,
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starueth.

DAMON.

Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie.

STEPHANO.

I care not for your craftie Sophistrie,
You two are fine, let me be fed lyke a grose knaue still,
I pray you licenie me for a while to haue my will:

 At home

At home to tary whiles you take view of this citie,
To finde some vnde victualles in a corner, I am very witties.

DAMON.

At your pleasure sir, I wyll wayte on my selfe this daye,
Yet attende vpon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at home,
So doyng, you wayte vpon me also.

STEPHANO.

With winges on my fete I go.

DAMON.

Not in vain the Poet saith Naturaturca expellas, tamen vsque recurrit.
For trayne vp a bondman neuer to so good a behauiour,
Yet in some point of seruilitie, he wyll fauour:
As this Stephano, truelie to me his Mayster, louyng and kinde,
But touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:
He is to be borne withall, keyng so iust and true,
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for no new:
But me thinkes, this is a pleasant Citie,
The Seate is good, and yet not strange, and that is great pitie.

CARISOPHVS.

I am safe, he is myne owne.

DAMON.

The Ayre subtle and fine, the people should be witties
That dwell vnder this Climate in so pure a Region,
A trimmer Plotte I haue not seene in my peregrination:
Nothyng vnkyndely me in this Countrey,
But that I heare suche mutteryng of cruelte:
Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisius,
But Kynges matters passyng out reache, pertayne not to vs.

CARISOPHVS.

Dionisius (quoth you) since the worlde began,
In Cicilia neuer raygned so cruell a man:
A despightfull Tirant to all men, I maruayle I,
That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.

DAMON.

My friende, the Goddes forbyd so cruell a thynge:
That any man should lift vp his sworde against the kynge:
Or seke other meanes by death him to preuent,
Whom to rule on earth, the mightie Goddes haue sent:
But my friende, leaue off this talke of kynge Dionisius.

CARISOPHVS.

Why sir? he can not heare vs.

DAMON

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DAMON

What then? An nescis longas Regibus esse manus?
It is no safe talkynge of them that strykes a farre off:
But leauyng kynges matters, I pray you shew mée this curtesie:
To describe in few wordes, the state of this Citie:
A trauayler I am, desirous to know
The state of eche Countrey, wher euer I go:
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience therby:
It is not for nought that the Poet doth crye,
Dic mihi Musa virum captæ post tempora Troyæ,
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit, & vrbis.
In whicye verses, as some Writers do scan,
The Poet describeth, a perfect wise man:
Euen so, I beyng a stranger, addicted to Phylosophie,
To see the state of Countreyes, my selfe I applie.

CARISOPHVS.

Sir, I lyke this entent, but may I aske your name without scorne?

DAMON.

My name is Damon, well knowen in my Countrey, a Gentleman (borne.

CARISOPHVS.

You do wisely to serche the state of eche Countrie,
To beare intelligence therof whether you iust: He is a spie,
Sir, I pray you, haue pacience a while, for I haue to do here by:
View this weake parte of this Citie as you stande, & I very quickly
Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I show,
The state of all this Countrie, and of the Courte also. EXIT.

DAMON.

I thanke you for your courtesie, this channeth well that I
Met with this Gentleman so happely,
Whiche as it seemeth, mistiketh some thynge,
Elis he would not talke so boldly of the kynge,
And that to a stranger, but loe were he comes in haste.

Here entreth CARISOPHVS and SNAP.

This is he felow Snap, snap him vp: away with hym.

SNAP.

Good felow thou must go with mée to the Courte.

DAMON.

To the Courte sir, and why?

CARISOPHVS.

Well, we wyll dispute that before the kyng, away with hym quickly.

DAMON.

Is this the curtesie you promysed mée? and that very lately.

CARISOPHVS.

Away with hym I say.

DAMON

Vse no violence, I wyll go with you quietly. Exiunt omnes.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

Ah sira, by lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius Court very well,
Wiche in passyng ioyes and plasures doth excell:
Where he hath Dapsilæ cenas, gemalis lectos, & aura,
Fulgentii turgmani zonam.
I haue plied the harnest, and stroke when the iron was hotte,
When I spied my time, I was not squemish to craue, God wotte:
But with some pleasant tyde, I crept into the kynges bosome.
For whiche, Dionisius gaue me Aure talentum magnum,
A large rewarde, for so simple seruices,
What then? the kynges prayse standeth chiefly in bountifulnesse:
Wiche thynge, though I tolde the kinge very pleasantly,
Yet can I prowe it by good Writers of great Antiquitie:
But that shall not neede at this time, since that I haue aboundantly,
When I lacke hereafter, I wyll vse this poinct of Phylosophie:
But now, where as I haue feit the kynges lyberalytie,
As princely as it came, I wyll spende it as regallie:
Money is currant men say, and currant comes of currendo
Then wyll I make mony runne, as his nature requireth I trow,
For what becomes a Philosopher best,
But to dispise mony aboue the rest:
And yet not so dispise it, but to haue in store
Enough to serue his owne tourne, and sowhat more,
With sondrie sports and tauntes, yester night I delyghted the kinge,
That with his lowde laughter, the whole courte did ringe:
And I thought he laught not merier then I, when I got this money,
But mumbouget for Carisophus I espie.
In haste to come hether, I must handle the knaue finely:
Oh Carisophus, my dearest frinde, my trusty companyon,
What newes with you? where haue you bien so longe?

Here entreth CARISOPHVS.

My best beloued friend Aristippus, I am come at last,
I haue not spent all my time in wast,
I haue got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

ARISTIPPVS.

What praye is that? faine would I know.

CARISOPHVS.

Such a crafty spie I haue caught, I dare say,

As neuer

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As neuer was in Cicilia, before this day,
Suche a one as bewed euery weake place in the Citie,
Surueyed the Hauen, and each bulwarke, in talke very little
And yet by some wordes, him selfe he did bewray.

ARISTIPPVS.

I thinke so in good faith, as you did handle him.

CARISOPHVS.

I handled him clarkly, I ioyned in talke with him courteously,
But when we were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I
Buckt out thus much of his words, that I made him say playnely,
He was come hether to know the state of the Citie.
And not only this, but that he would vnderstande,
The state of Dionisius Courte and of the whole land.
Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to staye,
Till I had done a little busnesse of the way,
Promising him to returne agayne quickly: And so did conuaye
My self to ye Court for Snap ye Lipstaffe, which came & vpsnatched him
Brought him to the Court and in the porters lodge dispatched him:
After I ran to Dionisius as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him which I haue you tolde:
Which thinge when he heard, beinge very mery before,
He sodenly fell in a dump, and somyng lyke a Bore:
At last he swore in a great rage that he should die,
By the sworde or the wheele, and that very shortly,
I am so shamefast for my trauell and toyle,
I craue nothinge of Dionisius but only his spoyle:
Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of golde:
Cha pouch them by all ready, they are sure in hold:
And now I goe in to the Citie to say soth,
To see what he hath at his lodginge, to make by my mouth.

ARISTIPPVS.

My Carisophus, you haue don good seruice, but what is the spiesnams

CARISOPHVS.

He is called Damon, borne in Crete, from whence latly he came.

ARISTIPPVS.

By my trouth, I wyll goe see him, and speake with him to if I may.

CARISOPHVS.

Do so I pray you, but yet by the way,
As occasion seruyth, commende my seruice to the Kinge.

ARIRTIPPVS.

Dictum sapienti satis est: friend Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge,
No, I warrant you, though I say litle to your face.

I hyll

I wyll lay one month for you to Dionisius when I am in place:
If I speake one worde for suche a knaue, hange me. EXIT.

CARISOPHVS.

Our fine Phylosopher, our timme learned elfe,
Is gone to se as false a Spie as himselfe:
Damon smatters as well as he of craftie Phylosophie,
And can tourne Cat in the panne very pretily:
But Carisophus hath geuen him suche a mightie checke,
As I thinke in the ende wyll breake his necke:
What care I for that, why would he then prie,
And learne the secret estate of our countrey and citie?
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,
I care not who fall, so that I may rise:
As for fine Aristippus, I wyll keepe in with hym,
He is a shrewde sole to deale withall, he can swym:
And yet by my trouth, to speake my conscience playnlie,
I wyll vse his friendship to myne owne commodytie:
While Dionisius fauoureth him, Aristippus shalbe mine,
But if the kynge once frowne on him, then god night Tomaline:
He shalbe as straunge, as though he I neuer sawe hym before,
But I tarie to longe, I wyll prate no more:
Jacke, come away.

IACKE.

At hande syr.

CARISOPHVS.

At Damons lodgyng if that you se,
Any stutre to arise, be styll at hand by me,
Rather then I wyll lose the spoyle, I wyll blase it out.

* Here entreth PITHIAS and STEPHANO.

What straunge Newes are these, ah my Stephano?
As my Damon in Prison, as the boyce doth go?

STEPHANO.

It is true, oh cruell happe, he is taken for a Spie,
And as they say, by Dionisius owne mouth condempned to die.

PITHIAS.

To die? alas for what cause?

STEPHANO.

A Sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none,
That oh Jupiter, of all wronges the Reuenger,
Seest thou this vniustice, and wilt thou state any longer
From heauen to sende downe, thy hote consumyng fire?
To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche prouoke thy iust ire?

Alas

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Alas maister Pithias, what shall we do?
Being in a strange countrey, voyde of friendes & acquaintance to
Ah poore Stephano, hast thou lived to see this daye?
To see thy true Mayster vniustly made away?

PITHIAS.

O Stephano, seyng the matter is come to this extremyte:
Let vs make Vertue our frend, of meare necessyte:
Runne thou to the Court, and vnderstand secretly,
As muche as thou canst of Damons cause, and I
Will make some meanes to entreate Aristippus:
He can do much as I heare with kyng Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

O I am gone sir: ah, I would to God, my trauayle and payne
Myght restore my Mayster to his lybertie agayne.

PITHIAS.

O Ah woefull Pithias, sithe now I am alone,
What way shall I first beginne to make my mone?
What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte,
Damon my friend, my ioy, my life is in peril, of force I must now faint
But oh Musicke, as in ioyfull tunes, thy mery notes I did borow,
So now lend me thy pernfull tunes, to vtter my sorow.

Here PITHIAS singes, and the Regalles play.

Awake ye woefull Wightes,
That longe haue wept in wo:
Resigne to me your plaintes and teares,
my hapleste hap to sho:
My wo no tongue can tell,
ne Pen can well descrie:
O, what a death is this to heare,
DAMON my friende must die.
O The losse of worldly wealth,
mannes wisdome may restore,
And Physicke hath prouided too,
a Salue for euerie sore:
But my true frende once lost,
no Arte can well supplie:
Then, what a death is this to heare?
DAMON my friend must die.

My mouth refuse the foode,
that should my limmes sustayne:
Let sorow sinke in to my brest,
and ransacke euery vayne:
You Furies all at once,
on me your tormentes trie:
Why should I liue, since that I heare:
Damon my friend should die:
Gripe me you greedy greeks,
and present pangues of death,
You Syster s three, with cruell handes,
with speed now stop my breath:
Shrine me in clay a liue,
some good man stop mine eye:
Oh death com now, seing I heare,
Damon my friend must die.

She speaketh this after the songe.

In vaine I call for Death, whiche heareth not my complaint,
But what wisdome is this, in suche extremytie to faint?
Multum iuua in re mala animas bonus.
I wyll to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently,
I wyll neuer forsake my friende in time of miserie:
But do I see Stephano amazed hether to rounne?

Here entreth S. STEPHANO.

O Pithias, Pithias, we are all vndone,
Mine owne eares haue sucked in mine owne sorow:
I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to morow.

PITHIAS.

How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge,
That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thynge.

STEPHANO.

By friendship I gate into the Courte, where in great Audience,
I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence.
By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greke that craftie spie,
Without farther Judgement, to morow should die:
Beleue me Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe.

PITHIAS.

Then how neare is my death also, ah woe is me.

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Ah my Damon, another my selfe: shall I forgo thee?

STEPHANO.

¶ Syr, there is no tyme of lamentyng now, it behoueth vs,
To make meanes to them which can do much with Dionisius:
That he be not made awaye ere his cause be fully heard, for we see
By euyll reporte, thynges be made to Princes far worse then they be,
But lo, yonder cõmeth Aristippus, in great fauour wi̇ kyng Dionisius
Entreate hym to speake a good worde to the kynge for vs:
And in the meane season, I wyll to your lodgyng, to see all thyngs safe (there.

PITHIAS. EXIT.

¶ To that I agree but let vs slip aside his talke to heare.

¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶ Here is a sodayne chaunge in deede, a strange Metamorphosis,
This Courte is cleane altered, who would haue thought this:
Dionisius of late so pleasant and mery,
Is quite changed now into suche melancoly:
That nothyng can please hym, he walked vp and downe,
Fretting and chafyng, on euerie man he doth frowne:
In so much that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me vp so short,
I perceyue it is no safe playing with Lyons, but when it please them,
If you claw where it itch not, you shall displease them:
And so perhaps get a clap, myne owne proue taught me this,
That it is very good to be mery and wise:
The onely cause of this barly barly, is Cariophus that wicked man,
Whiche lately toke Damon for a Spie, a poore Gentleman:
And hath incenced the kynge against him so despightfully,
That Dionisius hath iudged him to morow to die:
I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very wit ful
Yet was he more curious then wise in viewyng this Title:
But truely for aught I can learne, there is no cause why
So sodenly and cruelly, he should be condempned to die:
How so euer it be, this is the short and longe,
I dare not gainsay the kynge, be it right or wrong:
I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in this case,
Nought auayleth persuasion, where froward opinion taketh place.

PITHIAS.

¶ Sir, if humble sutes you would not despise,
Then bew on me your pitifull eyes:
My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,
A perfect friend to that worthy Damon,
Whiche now a poore captiue in this Courte doth lie,

By the kinges owne mouth as I here, condemned to dise
For whom I craue your maiterships godnesse,
To stand his friend in this his great distresse:
Nought hath he done worthy of Death, but very foolly,
Being a straunger, he vewed this Citie,
For no euill practises, but to fede his eyes,
But king Dionisius is informed otherwise,
My sute is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the kinges anger, and to purchase his grace,
In which doyng, you shall not do good to one onely,
But you shall further to, and that fully.

ARIRTIPPVS.

My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

PITHIAS.

Why, you serue in the Court as Fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPVS.

I am of the Court in deede, but none of the Counsell.

PITHIAS.

As I heare, none is in greater fauour with the kinge then you at (this day.

ARISTIPPVS.

The more in fauour, the lesse I dare say.

PITHIAS.

It is a Courtiers praise to helpe straingers in miserie.

ARISTIPPVS.

To helpe an other and hurte my selfe, it is an euyll point of courtesie.

PITHIAS.

You shall not hurt your selfe to speake for the innocent.

ARISTIPPVS.

He is not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent.

PITHIAS.

Why sir? do you thinke this matter passe all remedie?

ARISTIPPVS.

So fare past that Dionisius hath sworne Damon to morow shall die.

PITHIAS.

This words my trembling heart cutteth in two,
Ah sir, in this woefull case, what will I best to do.

ARISTIPPVS.

Best to content your selfe, when there is no remedie,
He is well reliued that forknoweth his miserie,
Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Cubulus,
The chiefest counsellour about kinge Dionisius:
Which pitieth Damons case in this great aduersitie,

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Perswadyng the kynge from all kynde of cruelltie.

PITHIAS.

The mightie Gods preserue you for this worde of counsefte,
Takyng my leane of your goodnesse, I wyll now resorte,
To Eubulus that good Counseller:
But harke, me thinke I heare a Trompet blow.

ARISTIPPVS.

The kyng is at hand, stande close in the prease, beware: if he knowe
you are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also:
Farewell I dare not be seene with you.
Here entreth kyng DYONYSIVS, EVBVLVS the Counseller,
and GRONOO the Hangman.

DYONYSIVS.

Gronoo, do my cõmaundement, strike off Damons Irons by & by,
Then bryng yon [illegible], I my selfe will see him executed presently.

GRONOO.

O mightie kyng, your commaundement wyll I do speedely.

DIONYS.

Eubulus: thow hast talked in vaine, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffre my lyfe to stande in peryll of euerie Spie?

EVBVLVS.

That he conspired against your person, his Accuser can not say,
He onely viewed your Citie, and wyll you for that make hym away.

DYONYS.

What he would haue done, the geste is great, he minded mãe to hurt
That came so stilly to serch out the secret estate of my Courte:
Shall I styll lyue in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off suche Impes betime,
Least that to my further daunger, to hie they clime.

EVBVLVS.

Yet haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame assigned,
To all worldly Princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.

DYONYSIVS.

Let Fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyue in safetie.

EVBVLVS.

The onely meane to that, is to vse mercie.

DYONYS.

A milde Prince the people despiseth.

EVBVLVS.

A cruell kynge the people hateth.

DYONYSIVS.

Let them hate me, so they feare mãe.

EVBVLVS.

That is not the way to lyue in safetie.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

EVBVLVS.

¶ That is sooner procured by mercy and gentilnesse.

DYONYS.

¶ Dionisius ought to be feared.

EVBVLVS.

¶ Better for him to be beleiued.

DYONYSIVS.

¶ Fortune maketh all thinges subiect to my power.

EVBVLVS.

¶ Beleue her not she is a light Goddesse, she can laugh & lowre:

DIONYS.

¶ A kinges prayse standeth in the reuenging of his enemie

EVBVLVS.

¶ A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

DYONYS.

¶ To suffer the wicked liue, it is no mercie.

EVBVLVS.

¶ To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie,

DYONISYVS.

¶ Is Damon innocent, which so craftely vnderminded Carisophus,
To bandrstand what he could of kings Dionisius:
Which surueyed the Hauen and eche Bulwarcke in the Citie,
Where battrie might be layde, what way best to approche, shall I
Suffer such a one to liue, that worketh me such dispite?
No, he shall die, then I am safe, a dead dogge can not bite.

EVBVLVS.

¶ But yet, O mightie, my duetie hindeth me,
To geue such counsell as with your honour may best agree,
The strongest pillers of princely dignitie,
I finde this iustice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie,
The one iudgeth all thinges by vpright equitie,
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie:
As to spare those, which offend maliciously,
It may be called no iustice, but extreame iniurie:
So vpon suspition, of each thinges not well proued,
To put to death presently, whom enuious flattery accused,
It seemeth of tiranny, and vpon what fickle ground al tirants do stand
Athenes and Lacedemon, can teache you if it be rightly scande:
And not only these Citezens, but who curiously seekes,
The whole Histories of all the world, not only of Romaines & Grekes

shall

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Shall well perceyue of all Tiraunes the ruinous fall,
Their state vncertaine, beloued of none, but hated of all:
Of mercifull Princes to set oute the passyng felycitie
I néede not: ynough of that, euen these dayes do testifie:
They liue deuoid of feare, their sleapes are sound, they dréd no enemie
They are feared and loued, and why? they rule with Justice & mercie:
Extendyng Justice to such, as wickedly from Justice haue swarued,
Mercie vnto those, where opinion, simpleneſſe haue merits deserued:
Of lybertie nought I say, but onely this thynge,
Lybertie vpholdeth the state of a kynge:
Whose large bountifulneſſe ought to fall to this issue,
To reward none, but suche as deserue it for vertue:
Whiche mercifull Justice, if you would folow, & prouident libertyte,
Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, Et fruges consumere nati.
Parasites with wealth puft vp, should not loke so hie,
Nor yet for this simple facte, poore Damon should die.

DIONYSIVS.

With payne mine eares haue heard this vayne talke of mercie,
I tell thee, feare and terrour, defendeth kynges onely:
Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyue quietly?
Whose memorie wi chilling horres, fils my breast day & night violently
My dreadfull dreames of him, bereues my rest: On bed I lie
Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damons (swoord,
This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damons bloud can stay,
Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway:
He shall die, though Cubulus consent not thereto,
It is lawfull for kynges as they lift all thynges to do.

Here GRONOO bringeth in DAMON: and PITHIAS meeteth him by the way.

PITHIAS.

Oh my Damon.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, seyng Death must parte vs, farewell for euer.

PITHIAS.

Oh Damon, oh my swéete friende.

SNAP.

Away from the Prysoner, what a preate haue we here.

GRONOO.

As you commanded, O mighty Kinge, wé haue brought Damon

DIONYS.

Then go to; make redy I will not stirre out of this place,
Tll I se his head stroken off before my face.

GRONOO

GRONOO.

It shalbe done sir: Because your eyes haue made suche a do,
I wyl knock down this your Lantern, & shut vp your shop wintow too.

DAMON.

O mightie king, where as no truth, my innocent lyfe can saue,
But that so gréedily you thrust, my guiltlesse bloud to haue:
Albeit, (euen for thought) for ought against your person:
Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I craue your pardon:
But seyng in Grécce my Countrey, where well I am knowne,
I haue worldly thinges, fit for mine Aliance when I am gone,
To dispose them or I die, if I might obtaine leasure,
I would account it (O kyng) for a passyng great pleasure:
Not to prolonge my lyfe therby, for whiche I reken not this,
But to set my thynges in a ray: and surely I wyll not misse,
Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here in (this place:
Graunt me (O Kinge) such time to dispatch this iniurie,
And I wyll not fayle, when you appointed, euen here my lyfe to pay.

DIONISIVS.

A pleasant request, as though I could trust him absent,
Whom in no wise I can not trust bringe present:
And yet though I sware the contrarie, to that I require,
Geue me a pledge for thy returne, and haue thine owne desire:
Ye is as nere now as he was before.

DAMON.

Ther is no surer nor greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman

DIONYS.

It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world doth stande,
Therfore do as I say, els presently yéld thy necke to the sword,
If I might with mine honour I would recall my worde.

PITHIAS.

Stand to your worde, O Kinge, for Kinges ought nothing say,
But that they would performe, in perfect deeds alway:
A pledge you did require, when Damon his sute did méene,
For which, with heart and stretched handes, most humble thankes I (geue,
And that you may not say, but Damon hath a frinde,
That loues him better then his owne life, and will do to his ende:
Take mée, Oh mightie Kinge, my lyfe I pawne for his,
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to misse.

DIONYS.

What art thou, that chargest me with my worde so boldly here?

PITHIAS.

I am

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PITHIAS.

I am Pithias, a Grecke borne, whiche bold Damon my friend full
DIONIS. (dearo:
To dere perhaps, to hazard thy life for him, what fondnes moueth thee
PITHIAS.
No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.
DIONISIVS.
A mad kind of amitie: aduise thy self well, if Damon fayle at his day
Which shalbe iustly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mée his lyfe to
PITHIAS. (pay.
Most wyllyngly, O mightie kyng: if Damon fayle, let Pithias die.
DIONYSIVS.
Thou séemest to trust his wordes, that pawnest thy lyfe so frauckly.
PITHIAS.
What Damon saith, Pithias beleueth assuredly.
DYONYSIVS.
Take héede for lyfe, worldly men breake promise in many thinges.
PITHIAS.
Though worldly men do so, it neuer happes amongest frindes.
DIONISIVS.
What callest thou friendes, are they not men? is not this true?
PITHIAS.
Men they be, but such men as loue one an other onelyfor vertue.
DIONISIVS.
For what vertue, doste thou loue this spie, this Damon.
PITHIAS.
For that vertue, which yet to you is vnknowne.
DYONYSIVS.
Eubulus, what shall I do? I would dispatch this Damon fayne,
But this foolish felow so chargeth mée, that I may not call backe my
EVBVLVS. (worde agayne.
The reuerent maistie of a King, stands chiefly in kéeping his promise
What you haue sayde, this whole Courte beareth witnesse:
Saue your honour what so euer you do.
DYONYSYVS.
For sauing mine honour, I must forbeare my wyll, go to,
Pithias, séeing thou takest me at my word, take Damon to thée:
For two mounthes he is thine, vnbinde him, I set him frée,
Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by none,
With out further delay, thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full sone,
Whether he die by the way, or lie sicke in his bead,
If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.

PITHIAS.

For this O mightie kinge, I yeld immortall thankes, O ioyfull day.

DYONYSIVS.

Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safetie.
If he escape assure thy selfe, for him thou shalt die,
Eubulus, let vs departe, to talke of this straunge thinge within,

EVBVLVS.

I folowe. EXIT.

GRONNO.

Damon, thou seruest the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort,
As for you sir, I thinke you wyll be hanged in sporte,
You heard what the Kinge sayde? I must kepe you safely,
By cocke so I wyll, you shall rather hange then I:
Come on your way,

PITHIAS.

My Damon, farewell, the Gods haue thee in kepeing.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, my Pleadge farewell; I parte from thee weeping
But ioyfull at my day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne,
Where I wyll deliuer thee from all trouble and paine:
Stephano wyll I leaue behinde me to wayte vpon thee in prison alone,
And I whom fortune hath reserued to this miserie, wyll walke home,
Ah my Pithias, my Pleadge, my life, my friend, farewell.

PITHIAS.

Farewell my Damon.

DAMON.

Loth I am to departe, sith sobbes my trembling tounge doth stay,
Oh musicke, sounde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way.

GRONNO.

I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept to, come Pithias
So God helpe me, I am sory for thy foolish case,
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man, so fondly?

PITHIAS.

It is no venter, my friende is iust, for whom I desire to die.

GRONNO.

Here is a mad man I tell thee, I haue a wyfe whom I loue well,
Antrifiche would die for her, should ich weare in Hell:
Why thou do more for a man, then I would for a woman.

PITHIAS.

Yea, that I wyll

GRONNO.

Then comeon your wayes, you must to prison in haste,
I feare you wyll repent this folly at laste.

PITHIAS.

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PITHIAS.

That shalt thou neuer see: but ob Musick as my Damon requesteth thee
Sounde out thy dolefull tunes, in this time of calamitie. EXIT

Here the Regalles play a mourning songe, and Damon commeth in, in Mariners apparell, and Stephano with him.

Weepe no more Stephano, this is but destinie,
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die:
Where or in what place, the Gods know alone,
To whose iudgement my selfe I commit, therefore leaue of thy mone,
And wayte vpon Pithias in Prison, till I retourne agayne,
In whom my ioy, my care and lyfe doth only remayne.

STEPHANO.

Oh my deare Master, let me go with you, for my poore companie,
Shalbe some small comfort in this time of miserie.

DAMON.

Oh Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with me,
And yet dost not know the force of true amitie?
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one,
Waite vpon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away,
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shalbe my iournay:
Therefore farewell Stephano, commend me to my friende Pithias
Whom I trust to deliuer in time out of this wofull case.

STEPHANO.

Farewell my deare Master, since your pleasure is so,
Oh cruell happe, oh poore Stephano:
O cursed Carisophus, that first moued this Tragidie,
But what a noyes is this? Is all well within trow ye:
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go see:
Come out you Wasell, are you sekinge Egs in Damons cheste,
Come out I say, wylt thou be packing? by cocke you weare beste.

GARISOPH.

How durst thou villaine to lay handes on me?

STEPHANO.

Out sir knaue or I wyll sende ye,
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly?

CARISPH.

The Kinge gaue me the spoyle, to take myne owne wilt thou let (me?

STEPHANO.

Thine owne villaine: Where is thine authoritie?

CARYSOPHVS.

I am authoritie of my selfe, doest thou not know?

STEPHANO.

Yes ladie, that is somwhat, but haue you no more to show?

CARYSOPHVS.

What if I haue not?

STEPHANO.

Then for an earnest pense, take this blow.
I shall bumbast you, you mocking knaue, schil put pro in my purse for (this time.

CARYSOPH.

Jacke geue me my swoord and targat.

IACKE.

I can not com to you matter, this knaue doth me let. Hold matter.

STEPHANO.

Away Jacke napes, eis I wyll colpheg you by and by,
Be sure I wyll haue my penyworthes of thee, therefore if I die,
Aboute villayns.

CARYSOPH.

O Citezens, helpe to defend me.

STEPHANO.

Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.

CARISOPH.

Good felow, let vs reason this matter quietly, beat me no more.

STEPHANO.

Vpon this condition I wyll stay, yf thou swere as thou art an honest man
Thou wylt say nothyng to the Kinge of this when I am gone.

CARISOPH.

I wyll say nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honest man.

STEPHANO.

Then say on thy minde: I haue taken a wise othe on him, haue I not
To trust such a false knaue vpon his honestie, (trow ye
As he is an honest man (quoth you) he may bewray all to the Kinge,
And breke his oth for this neuer a whit, but my franion I tell you this
If you disclose this, I wyll deuyse such a way, (one thing,
That whilst thou liuest thou shalt remember this day.

CARYSOPH.

You néede not deuise for that, for this day is printed in my memory,
I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:
But seing of courtesie you haue granted that we should talke quietly,
Me thinkes, in calling me knaue, you do me muche iniurie.

STEPHANO.

Why so? I pray thee partely?

CARYSOPH.

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CARYSOPHVS.

Because I am the kinges man, kepes the kinge any knaues?

STEPHANO.

He should not, but what he doth it is euident by thee:
And as farre as I can learne or vnderstand,
There is none better able to kepe knaues in all the land.

CARISOPHVS.

Oh sir, I am a Courtier, when Courtiers shall heare tell,
How you haue vsed me, they will not take it well.

STEPHANO.

Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke, and wot ye why?
Be cause I handled a counterfait Courtier in his kinde so finely,
What sy: all are not Courtiers that haue a counterfait show,
In a trope of honest men, some knaues may stand ye know:
Such as by stealth creep in, vnder the colour of honestie,
Which sorte vnder that cloke, do all kind of villanie:
A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of vrbanitie,
Hurting no man, god to all, deuoid of all villanie:
But suche as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, & vayne delightes,
Though you hange by the courtes, you are but flatring Parasites,
As well deseruing the right name of courtesie,
As the coward knight, the true praise of chualrie:
I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am your well willer.
In faith Carisophus, you are no Courtier but a catterpiller,
A Sicophant, a Parasite, a flatterer, and a knaue:
Whether I wyll or no, these names you must haue:
How well you deserue this, by your dedes it is knowne,
For that so vnkindly thou hast accused poore Damon,
Whose wofull case the Gods helpe alone.

CARYSOPH.

Sy:, are you his seruaunt that you pitie his case so?

STEPHANO.

No bum troth, god man Grumbe, his name is Stephano,
I am called Onaphets, if needes you wyll know,
The knaue beginneth to fit me, but I turne my name in & out,
Cretiso cum cretense, to make him a loute.

CARYSOPH.

What mumble you with your selfe Paster Onaphets.

STEPHANO.

I am reckening with my selfe, how I may pay my debtes.

CARYSOPH.

You haue paide me more then you did owe me.

STEPHANO.

Nay, vpon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more if I know
Either you talke of that is done, or by your Sicophanticall enuye,
You picke faith Dionisius the sonne, that Damon may die:
I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattell in thy skinne,
Remember what I haue sayde, Onaphets is my name. EXIT

CARYSOPH.

The knaue is gone, the Deuyll him take,
He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides, and all to ake:
Thou horson villaine boy, why didst thou waite no better?
As he payde me, so wyll I not die thy debter.

IACKE.

Maister, why do you fight with me? I am not your match you see,
You durst not fight w̃ him ỳ is gone, & wyll you wreke your anger on (me

CARYSOPHVS.

Thou villaine, by thee I haue lost mine honour,
Wetten with a cudgell like a Slaue, a Vacabond, or a lasse Lubber,
And not geuen one blow agayne, hast thou handled me well?

IACKE.

Maister I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomly (you can tell.

CARYSOPHVS.

Handsomly thou crake rope.

IACKE.

Yea sir, very handsomly, I holde you a grote,
He handled you so handsomly, that he left not one mote in your cote.

CARISOPH.

O I had strckt him trimly thou villaine, if thou hadst geuen me my (word.

IACKE.

It is better as it is, Maister beleue me at a worde:
If he had seene your weapon, he would haue ben fierser,
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my harte,
You were neuer yet at the dealing of fence blowes, but you had fours
It is but your locke, you are man gud enough, (away for your part
But the Mealche Onaphets, was a bengeaunce knaue anderough,
Maister you were best go home and reste in your bedde,
He thinkes your cappe wareth to little for your heade.

CARISOPH.

What? doth my head swell?

IACKE.

Yea as bigge as a Codshed, and bleades too.

CARYSOPH.

I am ashamed to show my face with this hew.

IACKE.

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IACKE.

No shame at all, men haue bin beaten farre better then you,

CARISOPHVS.

I muste go to the Citizeniens, what shall I say when I am a dressyng?

IACKE.

You may say truly, you met with a knaues blessing. EXEVNT.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

By mine owne experience, I proue true that many men tell,
To liue in Courte not beloued, better be in Hell:
What cryng out, what cursyng is there within of Carisophus,
Because he accused Damon to Kinge Dionisius:
Euen now, he came whining & cryng into the Courte for the nonce,
Shewinge that one Onaphets had broke his knaues sconce:
Which straunge name when they heard, euery man laught hartely,
And I by my selfe scand his name secretly,
For well I knewe it was some madheded chylde
That inuented this name, that the logheaded knaue might be begilded
In tossing it often with my selfe to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets, backward spelled Stephano:
I smiled in my sleue, how to see by tournyng his name, he dressed him,
And how for Damō his Maisters sake, wō a wodden coygeil he blest him:
None pitied ȳ knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to scorne.
To be thus hated of all better vnborne:
Farre better Aristippus hath prouided I trowe,
For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:
I offende none, in so muche that women singe this to my great prayse,
Omnis Aristippum docuit colore, & locus & res.
But in all this ioylitie, one thinge maseth me,
The straungest thinge that euer was harde or knowne:
Is now happened in this Court by that Damon:
Whom Carisophus accused, Damon is now at libertie,
For whose return Pithias his frieb lieth in prisō, alas in great seopardy
To morow is ȳ day, which day by none if Damon return not, certenly
The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die,
Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not returne, tyll he haue payde
His lyfe for his friend: hath it ben heare tofore euer sayde,
That any man for his friend would die so willyngly?
O noble friendship, O perfect amitie,
Thy force is heare sene, and that very perfectlie:
The kinge him selfe maseth here at, yet is he farre out of square,
That he trusteth none, to come nere him not his owne doughters will he haue:

Vnserche

Vnkerchi to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbars his beard
Not with Knife or Rasour, for all edge tooles he feares, (to shaue:
But with hote burning Nutshales, they sengé of his heares.
Ah as there euer man that liued in such miserye.
Well, I wyll go in with a heauye and penitue hart to,
To think how Pithias this poore gentleman to morrow shal die EXIT

Here entreth IACKE and VVYLL.

Wyll, by my honesty, I wyll marre your monckes face if you so (fondly prate

VVYLL.

Iacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the Courte gate,
If you play Iacke napes, in mocking my master, and dispising my face,
Euen here with a Pantacle, I wyll you disgrace:
And though you haue a farre better face then I,
Yet, who is better man of vs two, these fistes shall trie,
Vnlesse you leaue your taunting.

IACKE.

Thou beganst first, didst thou not say euen nowe,
That Carisophus my Master was no man but a cowe,
In takinge so many blowes, and gaue neuer a blow agayne.

VVYLL.

I sayde so in deede, he is but a tame Ruffian,
That can swere by his flaske & twiche bor & Gods precious lady:
And yet he will be beaten with a faggot stick:
These barking whelpes were neuer good biters,
As yet great crakers were euer great fighters:
But seeinge you eg me so much I wyll somewhat more resight,
I say Carisophus thy master is a flattring Parisite:
Gleaning away the swet from the worthy in all the Courte,
What tragidie hath he moured of late? y deuell take him he doth much (hurt.

IACKE.

I pray you what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a Parisite too,
That with scoffing and iesting in the Court makes so much a doe?

VVYLL.

He is no Parisite, but a pleasant Gentilman, full of curtesie,
Thy master is a churlish loute the heyre of a young forke, as boyde of
As thou art of honour. (honestie,

IACKE.

Nay yf you wyll needes be prating of my master syll,
In faith, I must cole you my frinde Mapper Wyll.
Take this as the beginning.

VVYLL.

Prayse well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.

Iacke.

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IACKE. By the Masse I wyll bore you.
VVYLL. By cocke I wyll Fore you
IACKE. Wyll, was I with you.
VVYLL. Jacke, did I flye?
IACKE. Alas prette cockerell, you are to weake.
VVYLL. In faith Dutting Duttell, you wyll crye creake,

Here entreth SNAP.

Away you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate, ?
And I take you heare agayne, I wyll swindge you both, what? EXIT

IACKE.

I bethrew Snap the Lipstaffe that great knaues hart, ȳ hether did
Had he not ben, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum, (come
But seing wée haue breathed our selues, if ye list,
Let vs agrée like friends, and shake eche other by the fist.

VVYLL.

Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this condition,
That you talke no more so brode of my matter as here you haue done,
But who haue wée here, is Cobex epi comming yonder.

IACKE. Wyll, let vs slipp aside and be we him well.

Here entreth GRIMME the Collar whistling.

What Deuell, iche wéne ȳ Porters are drunke, (gate todaye
Take in Coles for ȳ Kings owne mouth, wyll no body stur I say?
Ich might haue layne t way howers longer in my bedde,
Cha tarried so longe here, that my téth chatter in my heade.

IACKE. Wyll, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?
VVYLL. I mary Jacke, I pray thée hartely.

IACKE.

Then folow me, and hemme in a worde now and then:
What brainlynge knaue is there at the Courte gate so early?

VVYLL.

It is some brainsicke Willaine, I durst lay a pennie.

IACKE.

It was you sir that cryed so lowde, I trow,
And bid vs take in Coles for the Kinges mouth, euen now.

GRIMME Twas I indéede.

IACKE.

Why sir? how dare you speake such petie treason?
Doth the Kinge eate Coles at any season?

GRIMME.

Here is a gaye worlde, Wyves now settes olde men to scole,
I sayde well enough, what Jacke sauce, thinke cham a fole &
At Bake house, Buttrie hatch, Kitchin, and Seller,
Do they not say for the Kinges mouth?

VVYLL. What then god man Collier?

GRIMME.

What then? seing wout coles thei cannot finely dresse ye kinges meat,
May I not say, take in coles for ye kinges mouth, though coles be do not (eate?

IACKE.

James Christe, came euer from a Collier an answere so trimme?
You are learned, are you not Father Grimme?

GRIMME.

Grimme is my name in deed, chaw not learned, & yet ye Kinges collier
This vortie winter cha bin to the Kinge a scrutter,
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough inwhole & same

VVYLL.

Do it seemes, you haue so much mother witt, that you lacke your (fathers wisdome.

GRIMME.

Passe, cham well be set: heres is a trimme cast of Purlons
What be you my pretie cockerels, that aske me these questions.

IACKE.

God faith maister Grimme, if such Purlines on your pouch may light
Thei are so quick of winge ye quickly they can carie it out of your sight
And though we are cockerels now, we shall haue spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a Capon:
But to tell you trouth: we are the Porters men, which early & late,
Wayte on suche Gentlemen as you to open the Courte gate.

GRIMME. Are ye seruants then?

VVYLL. Yea sir, are we not pretie men?

GRIMME.

Pretie men (qd you) nay, you are stronge men, els you coulde not beare (these britches.

VVYLL.

Are these great hose? in faith godman Collier you see with your nose
By myne honestie, I haue but for one lining in one hose, but vij eis of.

GRIMME. (Kong.

That is but a little, yet it makes thée seeme a great Bugge.

IACKE.

Now say you god man Collier, can you finde any fault here?

GRIMME.

Nay you should finde naught, mary heres trimme geare,
Alas little knaue, doest not sweat, thou goest with great payne,
Theie are no hose, but watter bougets, I tell thée playne:

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God for none, but suche as haue no buttockes.
Dyd you euer see two suche little Robin ruddockes,
So laden with breches: chill say no more, lest I offende,
Who inuented these monsters first, did it to a goddly ende:
To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes sturte,
Wee see this euident by dayly proffe:
One preached of late not farre hence, in no Pulpet, but in Wayne
That spake enough of this, but for my parte, (carte,
Chil say no more, your owne necessitie,
In the ende wyll force you to finde some remedy.

IACKE.

Well, holde this raylynge knaue with a talke when I am gone,
I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good sermone.

VVYLL.

Go thy way: father Grimme, gayly well you do say,
It is but youngmens folly that lifte to playe:
And maske a whyle in the net of their owne deuise,
When they come to your age, they wyll be wyse.

GRIMME.

Bum troth, but few such roysters come to my yeares at this day,
They be cut off be times, or they haue gone halfe their iourney:
I wy ll not tell why, let them gesse that can, I meane somwhat thereby

(Enter IACKE. with a pot of wyne, and a cup to drinke on.

Father Grimme, because you are sturring so early,
I haue brought you a boule of wyne to make you merry.

GRIMME.

Wyne, mary, that is welcome to Colliers, chyl swapt of by e by,
Chwas sturringe so early that my bery soule is dye.

IACKE.

This is stoutly done wyll you haue it warmed father Grimme.

GRIMME.

No, it is warme enough: it is very lousiens and trimme,
Dis Pusselden ich wene, of fellowship let me haue an other spurt,
Ich can drinke as easily now, as if I sate in my shurte.

IACKE.

By cocke and you shall haue it, but I wyll beginne and that amone
Iebit a vow mon companion.

GRIMME.

Ihar bow pleadge pety Zaiune,

IACKE.

Can you speake Frenche: here is a trimme collier by this day.

GRIMME.

What man? ich learned this when ich was a Souldier,
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could parke a whip trimly,
Better then these boy Colliers that come to the Courte daily:
When there were not so many captious fellowes as now,
That would tozuppe men foz euery trifell, I wot not how:
As there was one Damon, not longe since, taken foz a Spie,
Howiustly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

VVYLL.

This Wine hath warmed him, this comes well to pas,
We shall know all now, foz in VINO VERITAS.
Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to Kinge Dionisius?

GRIMME.

A bengaunce take him, twas a gentleman, one Maister Crowsphus.

VVYLL.

Crowsphus, you clippe the Kinges language, you would haue said (Carisophus
But I perceue now, either the winde is at the South,
Oz els your tounge cleaueth to the roofe of your mouth.

GRIMME.

A murian take thik Wine, it so intoricate my brayne,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

IACKE.

You speake knauishly playne, seinge my master you do mocke,
In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cocke:
Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abzode?

GRIMME

All men are sozie foz him, so helpe me God.
They say a false knaue cused him to the King wrongfully,
And he is gone, and should be here to mozow to die,
Oz els his fellow which is in pzison, his rowme shall supplie:
Chil not be his halfe foz vozie shillinges, I tell you playne,
I thinke Damon be to wise to returne agayne.

VVYLL.

Wyll no man speake foz them in this wofull case.

GRIMME.

Yo chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place,
Where he may do good, but he frames him selfe so,
Whatsoeuer Dionisius wylleth to that he wyll not say no:
Tis a sutteil Aor, he wyll not tread on thornes foz none,
A mery Harcoppe tis and a pleasant companion,
A right courtier, and can pzouide foz one.

IACKE.

Wyll,

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Wyll, how lyke you this geare? your master Aristippus also,
At this Colliers hande hath had a blos:
But in faith father Grimme cannot ye Colliers,
Prouide for your selues far better then Courtiers.

GRIMME.

Yes I trow, blacke Colliers go in threade bare cotes,
Yet so prouide they, that they haue the faire white groates:
Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
Chill not change liues with any in Dionisius Courte:
For though their apparell be neuer so fine,
Yet sure their credit is farre worse then mine:
And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,
I know some sickes full deepe in Marchants bookes:
And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as in stede of Money, they take vp Haukes hods & Belles:
Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which Colliers do not know
Hath a mad name, it is called ich wéne, Centum pro cento.
Some other in Courtes, make others laugh merily,
When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly:
Friendship is dead in Courte, Hipocrisie doth raigne,
Who is in fauour now, to morow is out agayne:
The state is so vncertaine, that I by my wyll,
Will neuer be courtier, but a Collier styll.

VVYLL.

It seemeth that Colliers haue a very trim lyfe.

GRIMME.

Colliers get money styll: Tell me of trouth,
Is not that a trim life now as the world goeth?
All day, though I toyle with mayne and might,
With mony in my pouche, I come home mery at night,
And sit downe in my chayre by my wyfe faire Alison,
And tourne a Crabbe in the fire, as mery as Pope John.

IACKE.

That Pope was a mery fellow, of whome folke talke so much.

GRIMME

Had to be mery withal, had gouide enough in his hutch:

IACKE.

Can gouide make men mery? they say who can singe so mery a note,
As he that is not able to change a grote?

GRIMME.

Who singes in that case singes neuer in tune I know for my parte,
That a heauy pouch with gouide makes a light harte:

Of which

Of which I haue prouided for a deare yeare gud faye,
And these Venters I trowe, shall anone get me moye.

VVYLL.

By seruing the Court with coles you gayude all this money.

GRIMME.

By the Court onely I assure ye.

IACKE.

After what sort I pray the tell me?

GRIMME.

Nay, ther bate me an ace (quod Woulon) I can weare a hayre & blow it (not

IACKE. Yfaye lady the wiser man.

GRIMME.

Shall I tell you by what kite I get all this money
Then ich weare a noddy in deede: no, no, I warrant ye,
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,
He is a very fole that can not gayne by the Kinge.

VVYLL.

Well sayde father Grimme, you are a wilie Collier & a braue,
I see now there is no knaue to the aide knaue.

GRIMME.

Suche knaues haue money, when courtiers haue none,
But tell me, is it true that a brode is blowne?

IACKE. What is that?

GRIMME.

Hath the Kinge made those fayre Damsels his daughters,
To be come now fine and trimme Barbers.

IACKE. Yea truly to his owne person.

GRIMME.

Good fellowes beleue me, as the case now standes,
I would geue one sacke of Coles, to be washt at their handes:
If ich came so neare them, for my wyt should not geue thye chippes,
If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.

IACKE.

Wyll, this knaue is drunke, let vs dresse him,
Let vs stiffell him so that he haue not one pennie to blesse him,
And steale away his Debenters too.

VVYLL.

Content inuent the waye, and I am readie.

IACKE. Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie:
Father Grimme, if you praie me well, I wyll wash you & shaue you too
Even after the same fashion as the Kinges daughters do:
In all poynts as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dresse you trim & fine

GRIMME

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GRIMME

Chuld bayne learne ẏ: come on then, chil geue thée a whol pint of wine
At Lauerne for thy labour, when cha mony for my Ve nters heare.

Here Wyll fetcheth a Barbers bason, a pot with water, a Rayfour, and Clothes and a payre of Spectacles.

IACKE.

Com mine owne Father Grimme, fit do wne.

GRIMME

Mas to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre.

IACKE.

What man I wyll vse you like a prince: Sir boy, fetche me my geare.

VVYLL. Here syr.

IACKE. Holde vp father Grimme.

GRIMME. Me sæme my head doth swimme.

IACKE.

My Cosly perfumes make that, away with this sir Boy: be quicke.
Aloyse, aloyse, how how pretie it is, is not here a god face?
A fine Dules eyes, a mouth lyke an Duen,
Father you haue god Butter téth, full séne,
You weare weaned, els you would haue ben a great Calfe,
Ah trimme lippes to swéepe a Manger, here is a chinne,
As softe as the hose of an horse.

GRIMME.

Doth the kinges daughters rubbe so harde?

IACKE.

Hold your head straite man, els all wyll be marde,
Hyr ladie, you are of a god complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew mee,
Hould vp father Grimme, Wyll can you beskurre yet?

GRIMME

Me thinks after a marueious fashion you do beismoure me.

IACKE.

It is with VNGVENTVM of Daucus Mancus, that is very costly,
I geue not this washinge ball to euery body:
After you haue ben drest so finely at my hande,
You may kisse any Ladies lippes within this lande:
A, you are trimly washt, how say you, is not this trimme water?

GRIMME.

It may be holsome, but it is dengeaunce sower.

IACKE.

It scours the better, syr boy, gyue me my rayse me.

VVYLL. Here at hand syr.

GRIMME

GRIMME.

Gods aymes, tis a chopping knyfe, tis no Raysour.

IACKE.

It is a Raysour and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palarrime, it coste me .vi. crownes alone
Your eyes dasell after your washing, these spectacles put on:
Now vew this Raysour, tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIMME

They be gay Warnikels, yet I see neuer the better.

IACKE.

In deede, they be a young sight, and that is the matter,
But I warrant you, this Raysour is very easie.

GRIMME.

Go to then, since you begonne, do as please ye.

IACKE.

Holde by father Grimme.

GRIMME.

O your Raysour doth hurt my lippe.

IACKE.

No, it scrapeth of a pimpell, to ease you of the pippe,
I haue done now, how say you: are you not well?

GRIMME.

Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

IACKE.

Will you singe after your shauinge?

GRIMME.

Was content, but chill be polde first o; I singe.

IACKE.

Nay that shall not neede, you are pould neare enough fo; this time.

GRIMME.

Go to then luskyly, I wyll singe in my mans voyce,
Chaue a troublinge base bussie.

IACKE.

You are like to beare the bobbe, fo; wee wyll geue it,
Set out your bussyng base, and wee wyll quiddell vpon it.

GRIMME singeth Bassie.

IACKE singes,

Lo nidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL singes.

Lo nidden, and todle todle dounidden,
Is not Grimme the Collier most finely shauen.

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GRIMME.

Why my fellowes tolnke iche am a cowe, that you make such toytings

IACKE.

Nay by ye lady, you are no cow by your singing,
Yet your wyfe tolde me you were an Ore.

GRIMME.

Did she so? tis a pesteus quene she is full of such mocken,
But go to, let vs singe out our songe merely.
The Songe at the shaving of the Collier.

IACKE.

Chuche Barbers God send you at all times of neede.

VVYLL.

That can dresse you finely, and make such quicke speede,

IACKE.

Your face like an Inco?ne, now shineth so gay,

VVYLL.

That I with your Nostrels of force must needes play,
With to nidden, and to nidden.

IACKE.

With to nidden, and todle todle to nidden,
Is not Grimme the Collier most finely shaven.

VVYLL.

With shaving you shine lyke a pestis of Porke:

IACKE.

Here is the trimmest Hoggers flesh from London to Porke.

VVYLL.

It woulde be trimme Baken to hange vp a while,

IACKE.

To play with this Hogline, of force I must smyle,
With to nidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL. With to nidden, and todle &c.

GRIMME.

Your shaving doth please me, I am now your debter.

VVYLL.

Your wife now wyll buffe you, because you are sweaten.

GRIMME.

Neare would I be poled, as neare as cham shaven.

VVYLL.

Then out of your Jerkin needes must you be shaken.
With to nidden, and to nidden, &c.

GRIMME.

It is a trimme thinge to be washt in the Courte.

VVYLL.

Their bawdes are so fine that they neuer do harte.

GRIMME.

Ys thinke ich am lighter then euer ich was.

VVYLL.

Our shauenge in the Courte hath brought this to passe.
With to nidden, and to nidden.

IACKE.

With to nidden and todle todle do nidden.
Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen. Finis.

GRIMME.

THis is trimly done, now chill pitche my roles not farre hense,
And then at the Tauerne chil beste we whole tway pence.

IACKE.

Farewell cocke, before the Colier againe do vs sacke,
Let vs into the Courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like, EXIT
VVYLL Away then.

Here entreth GRIMME.

But alas, where shall I make my mone?
My Pouche, my Venters and all is gone,
Wher is that villayne that dyd me shaue?
Hath robbed me alas of all that I haue.

Here entreth Snap.

Who crieth so at the Courte gate.

GRIMME

I, the poore Collier, that was robbed of late.
SNAP Who robbed thee?

GRIMME.

Two of the Porters men that dyd shaue me.

SNAP.

Why? the Porters men are no Barbers?

GRIMME.

A vengance take them they are quicke carueres.
SNAP. What stature, iwcane they be?

GRIMME.

As little dapper knaues as they trimly could scape.

SNAP.

They were Lackeyes, as neare as I can gesse them.

GRIMME.

Such Lackies make me lacke, an halter be swenge them.
Cham vndon they haue my Venters too.

SNAP.

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Doest thou know them if thou seest them.

GRIMME.

Yea that I do:

SNAP.

Then come with me, we wyll finde them out and that quickly.

GRIMME.

I folow mast Lipstake, they be in the Courte it is likely.

SNAP.

Then crie no more, come away. EXEVNT.

Here entreth Carisophus, and Aristippus.

If euer you wyll shew your friendship, now is the time,
Seing the king is displeased with me, on my parte without any crime.

ARISTIP.

It should appeare it comes of some euell behauiour,
That you so sodenly are cast out of fauour.

CARISOPH.

Nothing haue I done but this in talke I ouerthwarted Eubulus,
When he lamented Pithias case to Kinge Dionisius,
Which to morrow shall die, but for that false knaue Damon,
He hath left his friend in the briers and now is gone.
Wee grew so hot in talke, that Eubulus protested playnely,
Which held his eare open to parasiticall flattery.
And now in the Kinges eare like a bell he ringes,
Crying that flatterers haue ben the destroyers of kinges:
Which talke in Dionisius harte hath made so deepe impression,
That he trusteth me not as heretofore in no condition:
And some wordes brake from him as though that he,
Began to suspect my trouth and honestie:
Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how so euer the world (goeth,
My frind for my honestie, wyll you not take an athe.

ARISTIP.

To sweare for your honestie, I should lose mine owne.

CARISOPH

Should you so in deede? I would that were knowne,
As your voyde friendship come thus to passe.

ARISTIP.

I folow the proueribe: Amicus Vsque ad aras.

CARISOPHVS.

Where can you say I euer lost mine honestie.

ARISTIPPVS.

You neuer lost it, for you neuer had it, as farre as I know.

CARISOPH.

CARISOPHVS.

Say you so friend Aristippus whom I trust so welle

ARISTIPPVS.

Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.

CARISOPH.

Wyll you not stretche one poynt? to bringe me in fauour agayne?

ARISTIP.

I loue no stretching, so may I bráde myne owne payne.

CARISOPH

A friende ought to shonne no payne, to stand his friend in stead.

ARISTIP.

Where true friendship is, it is so in very dede.

CARISOPH.

Why sir? hath not the chaine of true friendship, linked bothe together.

ARISTIP.

The cheifest linke lacked therof, it must nédes deseuer.

CARISOPH.

What linke is that? faine would I know.

ARISTIP. Honestie.

CARISOPH.

Doth honestie knit the perfect knot in true friendship.

ARISTIP.

Yea truly, and that knot so knit wyll neuer slippe.

CARISOPH.

Belike then there is no frindship but betwéene honest men.

ARISTSIP.

Betwéene the honest only, for Amicitia inter bonos: saith a learned man

CARISOPH.

Yet euell men vse frindship in thinges vnhonest, wher fancy doth serue.

ARISTIP.

That is no frindship, but a lewde liking, it lasteth but a while.

CARISOPH.

What is the perfect frindship among men that euer grew?

ARISTIP.

Where men loued one another, not for profit but for vertue.

CARISOPH.

Are such frindes both alike in ioy and also in smarte?

ARISTIP.

They must nédes, for in two bodies they haue but one harte.

CARISOPH.

Friend Aristippus, deceaue me not with Sophistrie,
Is there no perfect frindship, but where is vertue and honestie?

ARISTIP.

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ARISTIPPVS

What a Deuell then ment Carisophus,
To ioyne in frindship with sine Aristippus?
In whom is asmuch vertue, trueth and honestie,
As there are true fethers in the thée Craines of the ventrie:
Yet these fethers haue the shadow of liuely feathers the truth o scan
But Carisophus, hath not the shadowe of an honest man,
To be playne, because I know thy villany:
In abusinge Dionisius, to many mens iniury:
Under the cloke of frindship, I playd with his head,
And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might be lead,
My frindship thou sought'st for thine owne commoditie,
As worldly men do by profite measuring amitie:
Which I perceauing, to the lyke my selfe I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed:
If you aske me Quare. I answere, Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare
To speake more playner, as the prouerbe doth go,
In faith Carisophus, Cum cretence cretiso:
Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to thée in one thing,
I do not dessemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thée to the King,
Therfore sinke in thy sorrow, I do not deceaue thée,
A false knaue I found thée, a false knaue I leaue thée. EXIT

CARISOPHVS.

He is gone: is this frindship to leaue his friend in the playne field?
Well I sée now, I my selfe haue beguyled,
In matching with that false fox in amitie:
Which hath me vsed to his owne commoditie.
Which séeing me in distresse, vnfainedly goes his wayes,
Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a daies:
Which kinde of frindship toward him I vsed secretly:
And he with me the like, hath requited me craftily.
It is the Gods iudgement, I sée it playnely,
For all the world may know, Incide in foueam quam feci.
Well I must content my selfe none other helps I know:
Untill a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe: EXIT

EVBVLVS.

Who deals with Kinges in matters of great waight,
When froward wyll, doth beare the chefest sway:
Must yeld of force, their néede no subtle sleight:
Me daynted speach the matter to conuay,
No prayer can mouse, when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

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This thinge I proue in Pithias woefull case,
Whose hauny hap with teares I do lament:
The day is come when he in Damons place,
Must lose his life the time is fully spent:
Nought can my words now with the Kinge preuaile,
Against the wind and strainge streame I sayle:
For die thou must alas thou sely Greeke,
Ah Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:
A perfect friend none such a world to seeke.
Though bitter death shall geue thée sauce full sower:
Yet for thy faith enrold shall be thy name,
Among the Gods within the booke of fame:
Who knoweth his case, and wyll not melt in teares,
His gilties blood shall trickle downe anon.

Then the Muses singe.

Alas what happe hast thou pure Pithias now to die,
Wo worth the which man for his death hath geuen vs cause to crie.

EVBVLVS.

Me thinke I heare with yelow rented heares,
The Muses frame their notes my state to mone:
Among which sorte as one that mourneth with harte,
Vnholefull tunes, my selfe wyll heare a parte.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man which for his death. &c.

EVBVLVS.

With yelow rented heares come on you Muses nine,
Fyll now my breast with heauy tunes, to me your plaints resigne:
For Pithias I bewayle which presently must die,
Wo worth the man which for his death hath geuen vs cause. &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man which for his. &c.

EVBVLVS.

Was euer such a man that would die for his friend,
I thinke euen from the heauens a doue, the Gods did him downe send
To proue true friendshipps power, which forst thée now to die,
Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man. &c.

EVBVLVS.

What Tigars whelp was he, that Damon dyd accuse?
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend, thy death doth not refuse
O heauy happe hast thou to play this Tragidie,

And I

Wo worth

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Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

Thou young and worthy Greeke, that thowest such perfect loue,
The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue:
Thy death we shall lament with many a weepinge eye,
Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.

MVSES.

Wo worth the man which for thy death,
hath geuen vs cause to crie.

FINIS.

EVBVLVS.

EVernall be your fame ye Muses, for that in miserie,
Ye did vouchsafe to straine your notes to walke:
My harte is rent in two, with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionisias mouth, to se this place,
At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.
Neede hath no law: wyl I, nil I, it must be done,
But loe the bloody minister, is euen here at hande.
Gronno, I came hether now to vnderstand,
If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias,
The Kinge him selfe wyll se it done here in this place.

GRONNO.

Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is ye hand, here is the sword.
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a worde,
If he were present, I could finely strike of,
You may reporte that all thinges are ready.

EVBVLVS.

I go with an heauy harte to report it, ah wofull Pithias,
Full neare now is thy misery.

GRONO.

I maruell very much, vnder what constellation,
All hangmen are borne: for they are hated of all, beloued of none:
Which hatred is showed by this poynt euidently,
The hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the Citie:
That such spight should be, I know no cause why,
Vnlesse it be for their offices sake, which is cruell and bloudy:
Yet some men must do it to execute lawes:
We thinke they hate me without any iust cause:

But if

But I must take to my toyle, Pithias must lose his head at one blow,
Els the Boyes wyll stone me to death in the streat as I go:
But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the Kinge also,
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forgo.

Here entreth Dionisius and Cabulus.

Bring forth Pithias that pleasant companion,
Which toke me at my worde and became pleadge for Damon?
It pricketh fast vpon none, I do him no iniurie,
If now he lose his head for so he requested me.
If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full merry:
Therfore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,
He thought belike, if Damon were out of the Citie,
I would not put him to death, for some folishe pitie:
But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt he shall die,
Bring him forth.

Here entreth Snap.

Geue place, let the prisoner come by, geue place.

DIONISIVS.

How say you sir? wher is Damon your trusty friende?
You haue playd a wise part I make God a vow,
You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

PITHIAS.

Most ready I am mightie king and most ready also,
For my true frinde Damon this lyfe to forgo,
Euen at your pleasure.

DIONISIVS.

A true frend, a false Traytor that so breaketh his oth,
Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be neuer so loth.

PITHIAS.

I am not loth to do what so euer I sayde,
Me at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:
The Gods now I know, haue heard my feruent prayer,
That they haue reserued me to this pallynge great honour,
To die for my frind, whose faith, euen now, I do not mistrusse:
My frinde Damon is no false traytour, he is true and iusse:
But sith he is no God but a man, he must do as he may,
The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him, or som misaduēture
Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie, (by the way,
That Fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:
He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,
His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.
That he might not retourne, of all the Gods I did require,

Which

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Which now to my ioy, doth graunt my desire:
But why do I stay any longer, seing that one mans death,
May suffise O king, to pacifie thy wrath?
O thou minister of iustice, do thyne office by and by,
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die:
Stephano the right patrone, of true fidelitie,
Commend me to thy master my swæt Damon, & of him craue libertie,
When I am dead in my name, for thy trustie seruices,
Hath well deserued a gift farre better then this,
Oh my Damon farewell now forever, a true friend to me most deare:
Whyles lyfe doth lasse, my mouth shall styll talke of thæ,
And when I am dead my simple ghost true witnes of amitie:
Shall houer about the place wheresoeuer thou bæ,

DIONISIVS.

Eubulus, This geare is straunge, and yet because,
Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias shall haue the lawe:
Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.

GRONNO.

It shal be done: since you came into this place,
I might haue stroken of seauen heads in this space:
Ber lady hers are good garments, these are myne by the rode,
It is an euyll wynde that bloweth no man good:
Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessyng like a pretie boy,
And with a trise thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay.

Here entreth Damon running & stayes the sword.

Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges aduantage stay,
O mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully past,
Within the compasse of myne houre loe, here, I come at last:
A life I owe, a life I wyll you pay:
Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende,
Ah wo is me for Damons sake, how neare were thou to thy ende:
Geue place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play,
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.

GRONNO.

Are you come sir? you might haue tarieb if you had bene wyse,
For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.

PITHIAS.

O thou cruell minister, why didst not thou thine office,
Did not I bidde thée make hast in any wyse?
Hast thou spared to kill me once that I may die twyse:
Not to die for my friend, is present death to me, and alas,
Shall I sée my sweet Damon, slaine before my faces:

What double death is this: but O mightie Dionisius,
Do true iustice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus:
Let mée haue no wronge, as now standes the case,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misaduenture, not by his wyll, his howre is past, therfore I
Because he came not at his iust tyme, ought iustly to die:
So was my promise, so was thy promise O Kynge,
All this Courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.

DAMON.

Not so, O mightie Kynge, to Iustice it is contrarie,
That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent should die:
Se yet is my time playnly expirde, it is not fully none,
Of this my day appointed, by all the Clockes in the Towne.

PITHIAS.

Beléue no Clocke, the houre is past by the Sonne.

DAMON.

Ah my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of Amitie?
Will you now ouerthwart mée, whiche heretofore so well did agrée.

PITHIAS.

By Damon, the Goddes forbid, but wée should agrée,
Therfore agrée to this, let mée perfourme the promise I made for thée
Let mée die for thée, do mée not that iniurie,
Both to breake my promise, and to suffre mée to sée thée die
Whome so dearly I loue: this small request graunt mée,
I shall neuer aske thée more, my desire is but friuoly:
Do me this honour, that fame may report triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

DAMON.

That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie,
Yet fame shall neuer touch me with such a villanie:
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias, for him guiltlesse to die.
Therfore content thy selfe, the Gods requite thy constant faith,
Nonebut Damons blood can appease Dionisius wrath:
And now O mightie Kinge, to you my talke I conuay,
Because you gaue me leaue, my worldly thinges to say:
To requite that good turne ere I die, for your behalfe this I say,
Although your Regall state, dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a King in worldly wealth, abondantly ye floe:
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all Tirrants treade,
A thousand sundrie cares and feares, do haunt their restles head:
No trustie band, as faithfull friendes do garde thy hatefull state,
And why: whom men obey for deadly feare, loue them they deadly hate.

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That you may safely raigne, by loue get friends, whose constant faith
Wyll neuer fayle, this counsell geues poor Damon at his death:
Friendes are the surest garde, for Kingers golden time do wear away,
And other precious thinges do fade, frindship wyll neuer decay:
Haue friendes in store therfore, so shall you safely sleape,
Haue friendes at home of forraine foes, so néde you take no kéepe:
Abandon flatring tounges, whose clackes truth neuer tels,
Abase the yll, aduance the good, in whome dame vertue dwels:
Let them your play fellowes be, but O you earthly kinges,
Your sure defence and strongest garde, standes chiefly in faithfull frindes
Then get you friends by liberall déedes, and here I make an ende,
Accept this counsell mightie Kinge of Damon Pithias friende:
Oh my Pithias, now farewel for euer, let me kisse thée ere I die,
My soule shall honour thée, thy constant faith aboue the heauens shall
Come Gronno do thine office now, why is thy colour so dead? (flie
My neck is so is short, that thou wylt neuer haue honestie in striking of
DIONISIVS. (this head

Eubulus, my spirites are sodenly appaled, my limes wore weake,
This straunge friendship amaseth me so, that I can scarse speake.

PITHIAS.

O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble harte méue,
You require but one mans death, take Pithias, let Damon liue.

EVBVLVS.

O vnspeakeable frindship.

DAMON.

Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why?
My constant frind my Pithias, for Damons sake should die?
Alas he is but young, he may do good to many,
Thou cowarde minister, why doest thou not let me die?

GRONNO.

My hand with soden feare quiuereth.

PITHIAS.

O noble kinge, shewe mercy on Damon, let pithias die,

DIONISIVS.

Stay Gronno, my flesh trembleth, Eubulus, what shall I do?
Were there euer such frindes on earth as were these two?
What harte is so cruell that would deuide them asunder?
O noble friendship, I must yeld, at thy force I wonder:
My hart, this rare frindship hath pearst to the rote,
And quenched all my fury, this sight hath brought this aboute:
Which thy graue counsell Eubulus, and learned persuasion could
neuer do:

O noble gentlemen, the immortall Gods aboue,
Hath made you play this Tragidie, I thinke for my behoue:
Before this day I neuer knew what perfect friendship ment,
My cruell minde to bloudy deedes, was full and wholy bente:
My fearefull life, I thought with terrour to defende,
But now I see there is no garde vnto a faithfull friende:
Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present neede,
O happie kinges within your courtes haue two such frinds indeede:
I honour friendship now, which that you may playnly see,
Damon, haue thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee:
For which good tourns, I craue this honour do me lend:
Oh frindly harte: let me linke with you, to you make me ỳ third friēde:
My courte is yours, dwell here with me, by my commission large,
Myselfe, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge:
Make me a thirde friend, more shall I seye in that thing,
Then to be called as I am, Dionisius the mightie kinge.

DAMON.

O mightie king, first for my lyfe most humble thankes I geue,
And next, I prayse the immortall Gods, that did your harte so meue
That you would haue respect to friendships heauenly loze,
Forseing wel, he need not feare which hath true frieds in store (societie
For my part, most noble king, as a third frind, welcom to our friendly
But you must forget you ar a king, for frindship stands in trew equalitie

DIONISIVS.

Unequall though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed conditions:
Tirranie, crueltie, oppression, loe, hear I cast away:
Justice, truth, loue, frindship shall be my ioy:
True friendship wyl I honour vnto my liues end,
My greatest glorie shalbe, to be counted a perfect friende.

PITHIAS.

For this your deede most noble King, the Gods aduance your name
And since to frendships loze, you lift your Princely harte to frame:
With ioyfull harte, O kinge, most wellcome now to me,
With you wyll I knit the perfect knot of amitie:
Wherein I shall enstruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mighty force and eke the ioyful end:
And how that kinges do stand vppon a fickle ground,
Within whose Realme at tene of need, no faithfull friends are founde

DIONISIVS.

Your instruction wyll I follow, to you my selfe I do commite,
Cubalus, make haste to set new apparell fitte:

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For my new frindes.

EVBVLVS.

I go with a ioyfull hart, O happie day. EXIT

GRONNO.

I am glad to heare this word, though their liues they do not lose,
It is no reason the hangman should lose his fees:
These are mine, I am gone with a trise. EXIT

Here entreth EVBVLVS with new garmentes.

DIONISIVS.

Put on these Garmentes now, go in with me the Iewelles of my (Court.

DAMON and PITHIAS.

We go with ioyfull harts.

STEPHANO.

Oh Damon my deare master, in all this ioy remember me.

DIONISIVS.

My friend Damon he asketh reason? Dam. Pithias.

DAMON.

Stephano, for thy good seruice, be thou free. EXEVNT. DION

STEPHANO.

O most happie, pleasant, ioyfull, and triumphant day,
Poore Stephano, now shall liue in contintinuall ioy:
VIVE LE ROY with Damon and pithias in perfect amitie,
VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleasant liberalitie:
Wherein I ioy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,
I am a free man, none so mery as I now vnder the Sonne:
Farewell my Lords, now ye Gods graunt you al ye fom of perfect amitie
And me longe to enioy my longe desired libertie. EXIT.

Heare entreth EVBVLVS beatyng CARISOPHVS.

Away villaine, away you flatringe Parasite,
Away the plague of this Courte, thy filed tongue that forged lies,
No more here shall do hurt, away false Sicophant, wilt thou not?

CARISOPHVS.

I am gone sir, seing it is the kinges pleasure,
Why whypp ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias since they (came hither
I am driuē to seke reslee abrod alas I know not whither,
Yet Eubulus, though I begone, here after time shall trie,
There shall be found euen in this Court as great flatterers as I:
Well for a while I will forgo the Court, though to my great payne,

I doubt

I doubt not but to spie a time when I may crepe in againe. EXIT.

EVBVLVS.

The serpent that eates men alive, Flattery with all her brode,
Is whipte away in Princes Courtes whiche yet did neuer good,
Whatforce, what mighty power, true Friendship may possesse
To all the worlde Dionisius Courte now playnly doth expresse,
Who since to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willyng eare,
Most safely sitteth in his Seate and sleepes denoid of feare,
Pourged is the Court of vice, since Friendship entred in,
Tirrannie quailes, he studieth now with loue eche hart to win,
Vertue is had in price, and hath his iust reward:
And painted speache that gloseth for gayne, from gifts is quite debard,
One loueth another now for vertue, not for gayne,
Where Vertue doth not knit the knot, there Friendship cannot raigne,
Without the whiche, no house, no land, ne kingdome can endure,
As necessarie for mans lyfe, as Water, Ayre, and Fier,
Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to do,
Vnhonest thinges Friendshippe ne craueth, ne yet consents thereto,
In wealth a double ioye, in woe a present stay,
A swete companyon in eche state true Friendship is alway:
A sure defence for Kinges, a perfecte trustie bande,
A force to assayle, a shield to defende the enemies cruell hande,
A rare, and yet the greatest Gifte, that God can geue to man:
So rare, & scarce foure couple of faithfull frends haue ben since ye worlde began
A Gift so strange, & of such price, I wish all Kynges to haue,
But chiefely yet as duetie bindeth I humbly craue,
True friendship, and true friendes full fraught with constant faith,
The geuer of friends, the Lord grant her most noble Queene Elizabeth.

FINIS.

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¶ The last songe.

THe strongest garde that Kynges can haue,
Are constant friends their state to saue:
True friendes are constant, both in word and deede,
True friendes are present, and help at each neede:
True friendes talke truly, they glose for no gayne,
When treasure consumeth, true frindes wyll remayne,
True frindes for their tru Prince, refuseth not their death
The Lorde graunt her such frindes most noble Queene
(Elizabeth.

¶ Longe may she gouerne in honour and wealth,
Voyde of all sickenesse, in most perfect health:
Which health to prolonge, as true friends require,
God graunt she may haue her owne hartes desire:
Which friendes wyll defend with most stedfast faith,
The Lorde graunt her such friendes most noble Queene
(Elizabeth.

¶ FINIS.

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